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VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1880.

NUMBER 13.

## POETRY.

[We are kindly permitted by the Editor, Prof. E. A. Fay, to print the following original poem, by E. V. Welch, Esq., in advance of its appearance in the *Annals*, in which it has been sent as a contribution.—Ed.]

## The Mute Mother.

BY EDWIN V. WELCH, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

(Dedicated to Mrs. I. L. Peet.)

To thee, the world is beautiful and bright,  
The trees, the flowers, the warblers in their flight,  
The distant landscapes, and the gorgeous clouds,  
That wrap the dying day in golden shrouds,  
The mighty ocean waves of deepest blue,  
The rainbow tints reflected in the dew,  
The fleeting shadows of the Northern lights,  
The teeming stars that cheer the winter nights,  
And thou hast seen the lightning's vivid flash,  
But never heard the rolling thunder's crash;

Hast seen the daisies on the verdant lawn,  
The golden tinted buttercups at dawn,  
And gazed, in earthly spring on snowdrops pale,  
And the sweet scented lilies of the vale,  
The maiden rose, pure, blushing thou hast seen,  
And the sweet scented lilies of the vale.

The crocus buds in mossy robes of green,  
The crimson tulip, yellow daffodil,  
And violets blue beside the murmuring rill,  
But Nature's voices thou hast never heard,  
The cheerful songs of humming bee and bird;  
The cry of anguish ne'er hath pierced thine ear,

Love's gentle accents thou wilt never hear,  
Thy babe's first coo, sweet as an Angel's smile,  
His prattling tongue will ne'er thy heart beguile,  
But thou canst feel his faintest sob or sigh,  
And read his fond affection in his eye.

And dost thou never in night's stillness hear  
In dreams, soft music break upon thine ear,  
Like the faint echoes of a holy choir,  
When angels bright attend the sacred lyre,  
The morn's first anthem borne upon the breeze,  
With odor laden from the flowering trees,

The sighing of the winds on Summer's night,  
The raging of the tempest in its might,  
The ocean-waves that lash the rock-bound shore,  
The mighty voices in the breaker's roar?

Hast never heard the bugle's thrilling sound,  
The deep-toned organ's voice on holy ground,  
The minstrel's harp, the lover's gay guitar,  
The plaintive flute, the loud shrill pipe of war,

The inspiring band that cheers the soldier's tread,  
The muffled drum that mourns a comrade dead,  
The wedding chimes whose music fill the air,  
The Angelus that tells the hour of prayer,

The slow tolling bell, whose note of gloom  
Sounds the last requiem o'er the loved one's tomb;  
Or Nature's music in the eddying brooks,  
That o'er smooth pebbles glide, past shady nooks,

And joins its low, soft voice in gurgling trills  
To the sweet melody of the woodland rills;  
The swelling chorus from the mountain's height,  
In sounds as varying as its sinuous flight,

Chanting its harmony as in a dream,  
And changeful as the sunlight on its stream;  
Now sweet as childish glee, now wild and sharp,  
Now like the sighing of the æolian harp,

Now like an evening hymn borne on the air,  
Now like a Mother's fervent voice in prayer,  
Now like the music when May Queens are crowned,  
Now like Niagara's thundering voice profound?

Oh! couldst thou hear Youth's sweet melodious voice,  
When happy hearts in harmony rejoice!  
'Tis like the joy when Love awakes the heart;  
'Tis like the grief when lovers fond must part,

'Tis like the solace when to Heaven we pray,  
For His protecting care by night and day;  
'Tis like the bluesy rifting through a cloud  
When the fierce tempest bellows deep and loud,

'Tis like the motion of a ship at sea,  
The graceful waving grain on hill and lea,  
The silvery moonbeams on a quiet lake,  
The morning sunlight on the snowy flake,  
The diamond dewdrops on the blooming flower,

The joys and sorrows of departed hours,  
The changing shadows on the mountain side,  
The rosy sunset clouds at eventide,  
The ray of hope that dries the sorrowing tears,  
The radiant smile that soothes the orphan's fears,

The graceful gliding swallows on the wing,  
The showers of falling blossoms in the spring;  
'Tis like the love that fills the mother's breast,  
When to her bosom her first born is pressed;

'Tis like the perfume when the lily lends  
Its odor to the rose, and sweetly blends  
With summer zephyrs, softly, sadly sighing,  
Or Love's first Virgin kiss in rapture dying.

But thou wilt hear, in that bright, happy land,  
Where angels round the Throne of Glory stand,  
When Jesus bids thee lay thy burden down,  
Thy earthly sorrows change for Glory's crown;

The cherubim lift up their voice in song,  
And seraphim the sacred chords prolong;  
And while the heavenly choir their voices raise,  
Thou'lt join their anthems in Jehovah's praise.

Then will all nature's music charm thine ears,  
From distant planets and revolving spheres,  
And untold worlds in the unfathomed space,  
Wafting their anthems to the Throne of Grace.

Their prayers to heaven ascend like incense sweet,  
And mingle with thy songs at Jesus' feet,  
And thou wilt hear—ah! music sweeter still;  
The gentle words of love thy soul will fill,  
And thy dear children's voices sweetly call,  
Mother! the dearest, purest, holiest name of all.

It was a bleak cold night, late in October, when I arrived at Fairleigh, a small town in the weald of Kent, had just engaged to act as assistant to Doctor Osborne, whose advancing years rendered some aid necessary.

It was my first introduction to professional work. Educated in Germany and trained in one of the most celebrated medical schools in London, I had but just obtained my diploma when I was recommended to the situation I afterward accepted under Doctor Osborne.

And now on the first evening of a new career, as I stood by my bedroom window, peering into the darkness, speculating on the uncertain future, there came to my mind certain words of an old college friend at Heidelberg: "In all places there is a special duty for each man; and the difficulty is not to discover it but to perform it."

As I thought of these words of Karl von Bishe I turned from the window, stirred my fire, lit my old German pipe, with its capacious china bowl and gave myself up to reverie. Once more I was a lad in dear old Heidelberg, with its familiar side streets, narrow and quaint. Then I saw on the Königstunnel, and saw before me a fair sight of charming landscape, and the town nestling at my feet. Presently I was back in the rooms of my old chum Von Bishe, and the fair honest faces of our little coterie loomed dimly through the clouds of smoke that enveloped us as we puffed away like veterans, only removing our pipes for the purpose of giving expression to some philosophical remark or quaint conceit; but, like the refrain of some familiar song, the words I have just quoted recurred again and again to my mind.

"Strange how these words seem to haunt me to-night! I wonder if any special work waits me here?" I muttered; whereupon I put down my pipe and turned in for the night, and slept a sound, dreamless sleep for eight hours.

The next morning I met the doctor's family at breakfast, and found it consisted of Mrs. Osborne, a commonplace woman, whose whole soul was absorbed in the household, and two daughters, Clara, an active worker in the parish and engaged to the curate, and Sophia, a strong minded young woman of twenty, whose plea for perfect government was somewhat more impracticable than Plato's, as the young lady in question would extend not only this franchise to women, but also the actual government of the State, declaring that woman would never receive their just rights, political and social, till they were able to demand them from their seats in Parliament.

My first few days were spent in making the acquaintance of some of my future patients, under the guidance of Doctor Osborne. They were of the usual kind of country invalids, old folks suffering from rheumatism, lumbago and many pains, imaginary rather than real.

We were passing a pleasant old red-brick house, standing well back from the road, with a smooth lawn, and several fine old elms in front, when the doctor remarked, "By the way, I want to see the rector, come in, and I'll introduce you."

In a few minutes I was chatting quite pleasantly with the good clergyman about Germany and German thought. He was a man apparently well versed in other subjects than theology.

## STORE TELLER.

PLUCKED FROM THE FLAMES.  
AN ENGLISH DOCTOR'S STORY.

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In a few minutes I was chatting quite pleasantly with the good clergyman about Germany and German thought. He was a man apparently well versed in other subjects than theology.

Doctor Osborne and I were about to take our leave when the door opened and in stepped a fair, delicate looking girl. A neat morning dress, with a collar of faultless purity of color, set off her graceful beauty to advantage.

She hesitated just a moment on seeing a stranger, then coming forward, the rector introduced her as "his daughter, Alice."

I needed no great pressing from Mr. Grey to promise to call for an evening's chat.

I had been several weeks in Fairleigh before I had an opportunity of keeping my promise to the rector, owing to the considerable number of patients that fell to my lot to visit.

I was sitting one evening smoking, after the rest of the household had retired to rest, and wondering how I could contrive to get a free evening the next day, in order to accept an invitation to dine at the rectory, when I suddenly awoke to a consciousness of a tender feeling for Miss Gray.

"Well, go I will," Doctor Osborne must relieve me of a few cases just for once."

And having come to this determination, I gave myself up to delicious, half-dreamy, and entirely satisfactory consideration of Alice Gray and her sweet beauty.

Of course I was at the rectory punctually; and, after dinner, we had a musical evening.

Never shall I forget its charm; the tender, sympathetic interpretation of Weber and the strong, decided rendering of some of Beethoven's magnified symphonies.

I had not thought to hear such playing in a quiet, country parsonage in England.

In sober, painstaking Germany, where music pupils practice from eight to twelve hours a day, I had scarcely ever heard such a massively firm, and yet, withal, refined touch.

Of course I was often at the rectory after this, and many a pleasant chat I enjoyed with Mr. Gray; but whatever the conversation, or however instructing it might become, it never altogether excluded music.

Sometimes Alice would extemporize; and these occasions were by no means the least brilliant.

So the happy winter evenings passed, and the white frozen ground gradually bloomed into fair spring verdure, and the pleasant social gatherings that had enlivened the long evenings, were becoming more rare and distant.

One day, late in April, I was told that Miss Gray was about to pay a long-promised visit to her uncle, Sir Edward Gray of Hurstholme, some thirty miles distant.

When she had gone, I sat down with my favorite old pipe, and gravely reviewed my position.

That I loved Alice very dearly I was fully conscious, and perfectly aware that she was far superior to me in social position, as in everything else.

Then, supposing I was so fortunate as to win her love, how could I, merely an assistant to a country practitioner, with only two thousand pounds in the world, and utterly destitute of influential friends, presume to ask her hand in marriage?

Musing thus, and over-tired by a hard day's work, I fell asleep in my chair; my pipe still within my lips.

I could not have slept more than a few minutes, when I awoke to see my old-cherished pipe on the floor, with the bowl broken.

My face was covered with a heavy, cold perspiration, and my heart was bounding wildly in my breast.

I could scarcely imagine that the fearful dream from which I had just awakened was not an actual reality.

I had been standing in a large park, the night was just merging into the cold, gray light of early morning, when suddenly the large stately house before me was enveloped in flames.

I saw various faces at the windows; but one looked down with a sad, wistful look. Our eyes met, and there went out from those eyes that look into mine such a tender glance that I knew I was beloved; then the lips parted, and there came a short cry, "Save me!" and I heard a fearful crash, as if the house had fallen in, and I awoke.

And no sooner awake, than I felt an uncontrollable impulse to set out for Hurstholme. Alice was there and that some fearful danger menaced her, was a firm conviction.

Hastily scribbling a line to say that I was called away suddenly, and leaving the paper on my dressing table, I hurried to the stable, saddled my horse without rousing the groom, and in a few minutes more had left the quiet town of Fairleigh behind me, and was striking out for the Canterbury road.

My horse answered to the calls I made upon him right nobly. Away we sped past dark farm houses, large country mansions and humble cottages. Here and there a light in a bedroom told of some long vigil spent in the chamber of sickness.

On we went, through turnpike gates opened by grumbling janitors, indignant at the untimely summons.

At last I stooped to rest my long suffering horse; a brook by the road side enable him to quench his thirst.

After a short time I remounted, and once more was riding as hard as I dared urge the horse. Two o'clock struck as I passed a village church, and I knew from the last milestone that I had done more than half the distance.

At last my steed fell lame, just as I was riding through Thornwyke, a small village some five or six miles from Hurstholme. Arousing the local Boniface I asked him to lend me a horse.

Unfortunately he could not, as his animals were all out at hire; he would take care of my beast, so I left the poor brute in his care, and dashed on for Hurstholme on foot.

I had not gone far when I saw a sudden lurid light spring up in the direction of Hurstholme. This, which so powerfully confirmed the fears I had formed from a consideration of my dream, seemed to warrant my dread that the vision of Miss Gray in deadly peril would also be realized.

I raced along the road till the perspiration rained down from my face. My gaze was riveted upon the fierce glare that, like a beacon, was urging me forward.

Higher and higher leaped the flames till the surrounding country was illuminated far and wide.

Oh, the cruel distance that intervened! It seemed to grow greater instead of less. But at last I was inside the park, and then soon in front of the house, now enveloped in flames.

Just as I was searching for a certain window, there went up a cry of horror from the crowd—"Some one is still in the house!"

Yes; there, standing by the window, with a look of utter despair—was Alice Gray!

"Jump!" shouted the mob, but I could see the window was too high for her to attempt the leap.

Our eyes met. I called her to stay one minute; then seizing a large blanket which had been wrapped around some scantily dressed inhabitant of the burning house, I dipped it into a bucket of water, and throwing it around me, plunged into the burning hall. A voice shouted as I left the crowd, "Third door on the right!" Other voices bade me stay, as there was no hope of rescue?

Yes, there was the stairs, fortunately not burned through. Around me on all sides the flames were threatening my life. Should I succeed?

Thank heaven! the upper floor is reached at last. I am scorched—my blood seems to be on fire! I shout to Alice.

The floor gives way beneath my feet. She has heard me. Her door opens. I see that her room is burning. The flames are leaping in through the broken windows. She has bound a cloth around her head and arms, and is by my side. We rush through flames and smoke for the stairs. It is our only chance. Down, down, we fight the awful enemy that opposes us! Timbers are falling on all sides. At last we reach the hall. Alice falls into my arms—she has swooned. I feel my head reel. Must we perish after so nearly reaching safety? I cannot hold out another second. I am falling. A strong arm drags me through a furnace of fire. I still retain my grasp on poor inert Alice Gray.

When I recovered consciousness I was in my old bed-room at Fairleigh. I opened my eyes, and stared about me, till gradually I recognized the familiar features of Mrs. Osborne.

"Am I ill? Have I been dreaming about a fire, or was it real? Where is Miss Gray?"

I managed to gasp out these inquiries in a voice that seemed so strange to me I could scarcely recognize it.

"Hush! You must not speak until you are much better. Miss Gray was here this morning. She brought you these flowers. She has been here daily, and always with a little bouquet for you."

A sweet sense of peace fell upon me, and I turned my head away to conceal a tear of joy from my kind nurse.

I felt very weak, and took the proffered medicine, and presently again was sound asleep.

After a few hours I awoke, much refreshed.

It was evening. My kindly nurse was not where I had last seen her. I put my hand to my face and felt a long plaster on my right cheek.

"Can I give you anything, Mr. Montgomery?"

I started, and turning, saw the beloved form of Alice.

I gave a little cry of joy. As I have just remarked, I was very weak. My hand went out and met another hand.

"Alice!"

"Angus!"

And each knew that there was a bond between us stronger than death.

After that day I recovered very rapidly. But not till able to leave my room did I learn how I had been rescued by a gallant fireman, just before the ceiling timbers fell into the hall.

Many years have passed since the day on which I became the happy husband of Alice Gray. We were married in the old parish church of Fairleigh by the rector.

I am no longer assistant to Dr. Osborne, but have a good practice in London; and James Leo, the brave young fireman who dragged me from the flames, is my confidential servant.

Alice playfully inquires at times if I ever regret commencing career in so obscure a town as Fairleigh.

I have no occasion to answer in words, for we both know that Fairleigh was the beginning of our life.

—Hens make a dead set against China eggs.—N. O. Picayune.

—The boy with his first watch manifests an uncontrollable desire to note the exact second at which he meets every person upon the street.—Quincy Modern Argo.

—Has any paragrapher ever called a young lady speaker at a woman's rights meeting a wind-lass? He's "a real mean thing" if he has.—Norristown Herald.

## NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The camp was in an uproar, very much so in fact on last Monday morning at about 11 o'clock. The unusual commotion was caused by a festive boulder heaving hither from the boulevard, some four hundred yards off, where it had been set free by the workmen employed in blasting the huge layers of rock there. This boulder was a striking though not an original illustration of what a thing can do if it has only enough energy in it with which to do it. It managed to demolish four panes in one of the windows of the mansion house, and continuing its course reached the main building, and went "point blank" through one of the east windows in Prof. Clark's class-room on the second story. It broke almost the whole window frame, beside smashing a pane in another, and damaging the wall. Three members of the class were struck, but fortunately their injuries were little more than bruises. The glass rained in a shower on all, and one piece, size unknown, sought to get within one of Prof. Clarke's optics, but only managed to slightly scratch his face. From the size of the stone, it is indeed a wonder that it did not do more harm. Nobody regretted that it did not. At the first shock it was rumored that we were under a state of bombardment, and the sanguine were anticipating an order for old flint muskets to return the favor.

Since the middle of winter the splendid boat "Evangeline," the property of the Boat Club, has been subjected to a complete renovation. Beside the necessity for several fresh coats of paint, she has undergone at the hands of Capt. Dobbs much more extensive repairs. New foot rests have been placed in position, and the interior is further encircled by several bands of fancy moulding, and on the bottom have been put entirely new supports. One of the row locks which being of the wrong size was the cause of much inconvenience during the past season, has been replaced by a brand new one, along with a new rest for it. These were obtained through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Brainerd, and to him the Club is also indebted to many other articles to complete her outfit.

The projector of the new baseball Club, was the recipient of a letter on Wednesday from an old chum and classmate, John F. Donnelly, of Fall River, Mass. The main subject the writer dwelt upon was the advantages accruing from the organization of the new Club. He offered some practical suggestions in regard to the selection of a manager, as well as offering some advice in regard to the mode of efficient and beneficial practice to get the men into good trim. He is no doubt right in condemning the old mode resorted to by some teams, when in practice, in letting each man of the team "take a turn at the bat."

We think it is far better and most certainly will be conducive of more practical results, to pick out the strongest batter, and assign the other members of the team to their respective positions on the field. In this way they will soon become familiar with their respective duties, and as just this familiarity and abundance of practice make a man perfect in the baseball field as in other games, it should not be slighted by the team, however sanguine they may be. Thus at the right time they will be better prepared to cross bats with the Independents, or Buckeyes, or any other Club.

We wish to say to the *Chronicle* that there is not "blood on the moon" as it is pleased to inform its readers, but that our optics are clear, and the brains behind them also.

The little girls, according to custom, held their "tea party" on Saturday afternoon. By their remarks afterwards it was evident that the time passed very agreeably, and by the condition of the plates which held the "good things" it was also apparent that they had managed to make away with the delicacies laid before them.

St. Patrick's day was much more quietly observed than it was last year. Sprigs of "shamrock" were conspicuous in the buttonholes of many of the descendants of the Green Isle. One of the High Class was presented with two green paper flags in recognition of his loyalty to the home of his forefathers.

On Thursday evening, the 18th inst., a very interesting affair came off on Washington Heights. This was a lecture by Dr. Peet, in the M. E. Church of Washington Heights, on the ever fruitful theme, "Washington."

The lecture was given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society, belonging to the church, and the proceeds were handed over to it. A new and very striking and original poem, "The Mute Mother," was recited by E. V. Welch, its author.

One of the High Class boys was sent a few days ago by Prof. Jenkins, to guide some ladies to the Institute, who had expressed a wish to come. When they came to the new boulevard they found that two of the planks placed across the road to afford pas-

sage through the mud had been put out of position in order to let the carts pass to and fro. But the gallant was equal to the emergency, and by going knee deep in the mud replaced them so that the ladies passed safely over. A cart came along, and the driver yelled to put aside the planks, one of which the gallant of a few minutes before did, but the second being hard to move, the driver jumped down and lent a hand. By some awkwardness, he lost his balance and with the plank on top, a broad grin on his mouth, and a clay pipe in that orifice, he settled down in the mud, which was about two feet deep.

On Friday evening the Quad Club held their weekly meeting, and some business of importance was transacted. It was unanimously recommended that the new constitution be published, that others may gain a true idea of the object and character of the club. Some changes were made in the names of the officers, the most important of which being the changing of the position of Secretary and Treasurer. The position of Secretary and Treasurer were reversed, the former Secretary being installed as Treasurer, and the Treasurer as Secretary. The following is a complete list of the officers of the club for the ensuing year: President, F. R. Stryker; 1st Vice President, J. F. O'Brien; 2d Vice President, J. F. Donnelly; Secretary, C. W. Hathaway; Assistant Secretary, G. S. Porter; Treasurer, J. H. Dundon; Librarian, M. R. Palmer; Directors, F. R. Stryker, J. F. Donnelly and C. W. Hathaway.

The following is the constitution of the club, as drawn up by J. F. Donnelly, assisted by C. W. Hathaway.

CONSTITUTION.  
ARTICLE I.  
This organization shall be known as the FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

ARTICLE II.  
The object of this club shall be the intellectual, moral and social elevation of its members by social meetings and by the maintenance of a library, to consist mainly of such books and periodicals as bear upon the "Art preservation."







## Correspondence.

*(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)*

### "COLUMBUS."

#### CHIPS.

For a number of years back Ohio has been the Banner State in furnishing students for the National Deaf-Mute College, and from present appearances, is likely to retain the honor for some time to come unless an influx from some other quarter suddenly turns against her. In order to keep up her reputation, four of the present pupils of the Institution who will graduate from the First Academic Class next June, are preparing themselves for college honors with a view of entering next fall. Should they be successful in their undertaking, they will add dignity and intelligence to the number already there. They are all worthy young men, and we hope will see that Ohio's star in the College is kept in the ascendancy.

The candidates who are thus anxious to secure a higher education and thereby benefit themselves and society at large, are Messrs. John S. Leib, who already has a brother at the College, Jacob Weber and James Gilbert. The latter is a young man of color, and if he can surmount the obstacles of his entering examination, and we believe he can, will be the first colored gentleman enrolled among the catalogue of students since the foundation of the College. Should Mr. Gilbert become a student of the College, Ohio will bear off another honor, and honors seem to go easy with her. But we trust the students will not stick up their noses and raise frowns and feathers on account of the color of his skin, and thus bring themselves and the College into disrepute, as was the case at West Point a few years ago, because the cadets had to drill and recite with a person whose skin, unfortunately for him, was black.

While this Institution is represented at College by so many of her *Alumni*,—twelve the past year—yet it seems a little strange that none of them ever think of writing a letter to the *Chronicle* occasionally, and thereby let their friends about here know a little of what goes on at the College. We believe not one of them has favored the *Chronicle* with an item the past year, certainly not since last September, yet every one of them has received the paper free weekly, since they entered the College, and not even so much as "thank you," have they ever given in return.

Whether this omission is an oversight of theirs or something else, we are not able to say, but certainly it does not arise from a want of intelligence. We know several among the boys who could, if they would, get off a letter on short notice for any paper, and they might just as well devote a little of their spare time for their Institution paper. There was a time, let them remember, during their school days here, when they were eager to read the letters in the *Chronicle* from the College, and now that they are there themselves, they should have a little compassion on those whom they left behind, and give them a little mental food for digestion. In this way, they will not only benefit themselves, but at the same time, be the means of pleasing and interesting others. Nearly every deaf-mute Institution paper is furnished a letter from the College occasionally, and in some instances, weekly, by some student who hails from the Institution where the paper he writes for, is printed. There is no good reason why one or more of the Ohio boys should not follow the same example. Something every now and then occurs at the College that would interest outsiders if properly dished up, and even if there was a scarcity of items in and about the place, there are many objects in Washington City which, if written up, would make good reading matter.

A FEW THINGS IT WOULD BE FUNNY TO SEE.

The National Deaf-Mute Convention, and the man who first proposed it.

A Convention composed entirely of deaf-mute ladies.

A deaf-mute with his back toward a locomotive, get off the track at the engineer's signal.

All deaf-mutes suddenly restored to hearing.

The Audiphone inventor declare that his instrument is a fraud.

The Leader become reconciled to Dr. Gallaudet.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL come out as a daily. COLUMBUS.

March 18, 1880.

#### Philadelphia Institution.

"You must spend half an hour on the play ground in the open air beneath the noon-day sun" is written so plainly, "that he that runs might read it" on the brow of the girls who turn in vain the play-room and dormitory door knobs and proceed slowly down to the lawn talking and doting over tan, freckles, March wind, sun-bonnets, parasols, etc., till presently a couple whose names I will not mention lest my remarks draw down on me the reproach of dissenting opinions, come flinging by with rosy cheeks declaring the sun and wind hurt nobody but those who stand still with fear-trembling nature to do her worst. Of course it requires some wit to settle it, and wit you know on such occasions springs from malice. They are not from the country, therefore running in the sun does not agree with them. What a pity, dear Grace, you are not city born with a complexion so delicate that a ray of sun or breeze of wind would imprint full moons on your face! how

dearly you would be loved if such were the case! We have been enjoying a quiet life since the entertainment the boys gave us on the 21st ult. Only being acquainted with two of the actors Messrs Lee and McKenny, who performed their parts well, I can only say it was a brilliant success and we were highly pleased with the boys new mode of entertaining their friends. Prof. Arms deserves much praise for the splendid scenery he painted for the occasion. Why did you not tell us about it, Tony? Last Thursday evening Prof. Crouter was to have lectured at St. Stephen's Deaf-Mute Association Hall, had the weather been favorable, but as it was not, we were disappointed and his lecture was postponed. He will deliver one of his excellent lectures in the Institution chapel to-morrow morning, and this makes amends for all our disappointment. Some person or persons at Washington D. C. sent the Y. L. L. Society a very useful book a few days ago. Why not send your name, benevolent one?

Mr. Barclay, Secretary of the Board of Directors, a long loved and esteemed friend of the Institution, has been ill for some time. Last week Prof. Crouter with a few of his pupils called to see him enjoying life among books in a cozy little parlor, and feeling in good spirits, he conversed freely on anecdotes of the many great men and writers who have appeared and disappeared during his long busy life. Although Mr. B. is one of the oldest citizens of Philadelphia, he entertains his young friends with as much ease, grace and better taste than many young gentlemen of the present generation. Easter is approaching rapidly, when another glorious time will begin between the steward and girls, who will shadow his footsteps to get the first peep at every coming box. It was decided that Rip Van Winkle should be played again on Easter Monday by the same party that played it before, but they are acting a little prudent just now, putting off all theatrical performances till next year, and parties till roses and strawberries come again.

BELLA L—

March 13, 1880.

#### CHIPS FROM TEXAS.

Botany is the favorite study of one of the teachers at the Texas Institute. Gen. Lister's attacks on the army of ants within a radius of half a mile, will be made on Saturday, the 6th instant. No powder will be used; but the General has a large amount of dangerous material in his arsenal, consisting in part of cast of shoes, bones, and the horns of Texas steers, which put an end to the depredations of these little busy-bodies.

Croquet is the queen of the out-door sports in this sunny quarter of our country.

The death of John W. Ford, the only son of our Superintendent, has cast a deep shade of gloom over the entire institution. He was a promising young lad, and his kindness has endeared his memory to all connected with the Institution. He was one of those boys who loved to make others happy, and when doing so was happy himself.

"Spring, gentle spring, ethereal mildness," exclaims Thompson. I wonder if that bard ever had the influenza in March; if he did not, it is to be regretted, for spring would have been anything but "ethereal" to him. It is necessary in those regions to by a piece (42 yds.) of "fruit of the Loom" and cut it up into handkerchiefs, during the opening month of spring.

Dr. King performed a surgical operation with an axe, a few days since on a fowl. The surgeon was unskilled and the worm picker died.

A good saddle pony can be had for fifteen dollars (\$15) in Texas.

Gen. McCulloch visited the Asylum on the 8th instant. He is looking well and reports all well at Seguin. He has about two hundred horses running wild on the prairie near Seguin.

#### Letter from Jackson, Mississippi.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought that I would write you a letter to tell you about my trip to Vicksburg. On Valentine's day, February 14th, of this year, I left Jackson for Vicksburg to make a visit to my aunt and uncle who live there, and it was the first time I have been to Vicksburg. I saw so many pretty steamboats sailing on the Mississippi River going to New Orleans, and I thought the boat called the Lee was a very beautiful one. It was very large too. One day I went across the river to Delta, La., which is a small place. The boat that I went on was the ferryboat, but I liked very much to ride on it, because I liked to be in the middle of the river, and when I was in the middle of the river, I looked out of one of the windows toward Vicksburg, and oh! how beautiful Vicksburg looked! I visited Miss Annie Fulkerson, who is a deaf-mute lady living there. I also saw Mr. Robert Hazlett, whom I had known for a long time. He is well educated, having been to school and to college at Washington. I was glad to meet him again. I visited Mrs. Thomas, who has a deaf-mute daughter named Miss Rosa Thomas, who is attending school at the Mississippi Institution. Mrs. Thomas begged me to stay another week so that she could take me over the river to Louisiana but I could not do so as I had telegraphed to my uncle that I would be home on Sunday evening. I visited the graveyard there and saw the grave of a dear classmate of mine, named Miss Mattie Dear, who died of yellow fever at the residence of Mrs. Thomas

while on a visit to Miss Rosa about two years ago. Miss Dear was a young deaf-mute lady who went to school with me. She was an orphan. I looked at her grave for a while and how sad I felt. While I was in Vicksburg two young gentlemen named Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lem Clarke were shot dead by another gentleman while at a theatre. I went to their funeral on Sunday morning, and it was the largest funeral I ever saw. There were more than four thousand people there. I staid about nine days in Vicksburg. Vicksburg is larger than Jackson, but is very hilly and is close to the river. I like Vicksburg better than I do Jackson. I enjoyed my trip very much and had such a splendid time. I would like to write more but I am afraid my letter is getting to be too long and I do not wish to tire you.

L. C. S.

Jackson, Miss., March 11, 1880.

#### HYMENEAL.

On Wednesday evening, March 17th, at half past seven o'clock, Miss Jennie S. Jones, only daughter of Mr. L. N. Jones, of Richland, N. Y., was married to Mr. Simeon R. Trumbull, of the same town. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. Robert Paul, Rector of St. James' Church, Pulaski, N. Y., performing the ceremony. The guests, relatives of the bride and bridegroom, were so numerous as nearly to fill the house; the presents, consisting of silverware, linen, pictures, etc., were deservedly much admired. The interesting and momentous event of the evening having transpired, the feast was served from long tables filled with tempting viands, for which, as is not unusual on such occasions, ample justice was done. After some time spent in social converse, the company broke up at a late hour.

The bride, on account of the sweetness and amiability of her disposition, was a great favorite in the family, and beloved by all who knew her. She will be much missed in the household she has left. How much was indicated by the many tears shed when congratulations were being extended to the newly married pair! The young husband is a man of fine character and a kind heart. He has found in Jennie a jewel of great value, and the new home, we feel assured, will be a very happy one.

"O fortunate, O happy day!  
When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprang to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space!"

May whatever of darkness that may fall upon this new home prove only restful shade, never eclipsing the "light of love" that now "shines over all." No doubt there will always be easy chairs in a cozy corner for the mute father and mother, and eyes that speak to them in tones of welcome whenever they will come. We wish them all an abundance of prosperity, many years, and an old age that shall be ripe and sweet.

H. C. R.

Mexico, N. Y., March 20, 1880.

#### THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

At the regular meeting, on the 18th, of March last, of the Manhattan Literary Association of Deaf-Mutes of N. Y., held in their rooms in St. Ann's Church, the following preamble and resolutions were, with but one dissenting voice adopted.

Whereas, The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, after a protracted absence from the city, visited our association on the 12th of February last, and then and there favored us with a description of his recent travels and his labors among our silent brethren, and finding an attentive audience, also took the opportunity to explain to us the workings of the Building Fund and its connection with the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Whereas, This explanation of the Building Fund for a home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes made clear and proved to our entire satisfaction the fair and honest application of the funds raised for such purpose, and

Whereas, We feel ourselves in gratitude, bound to express our thanks and obligations to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, the lifelong benefactor and laborer for the advancing of the welfare of deaf-mutes; Therefore be it

Resolved, That this association has full and undivided confidence in the integrity of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and in the truthfulness of his explanation, made on the 12th of February last, in regard to the relation of the Building Fund to the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Resolved, That a gentleman like Dr. Gallaudet, who from his youth up to the present time, when he is nearing the winter of his life, has exclusively devoted all his energies to the good and welfare of deaf-mutes, and who has always identified himself with philanthropic objects, deserves a better recompense than doubts, aspersions and insinuations as to his motives in connection with deaf-mute affairs.

Resolved, That this association hopes that the usefulness of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet may long yet be spared to deaf-mutes, and that his efforts in their behalf may be fully and deservedly appreciated by them.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be offered for publication to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the ADVANCE, and the Chicago Letter, and that a copy be sent to Dr. Gallaudet.

Subjoined is a synopsis of the statement made by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet to the Manhattan Literary Association on February 12th, 1880.

The Society of the Church Mission

to Deaf-Mutes was fully incorporated on October 15th, 1872, when Judge Barrett of the Supreme Court approved of filing the certificate of incorporation which had been executed on the 14th day of June, 1872. In the second article of that certificate it is stated that the objects of the Society, shall be the "promoting of the temporal and spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes."

At the first meeting of the twenty-five Trustees, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D. was chosen the general manager and empowered to carry out the objects of the Society. He at once took measures to extend religious services among the deaf-mutes of the country, to assist deaf-mutes in getting employment, and to take care of the sick and needy.

Miss Jane Middleton had, with the help of several ladies and Dr. Gallaudet, maintained for several years a Christian home for young men at No. 220 East 13th Street, N. Y. Circumstances led her to say to Dr. Gallaudet that she was willing to change the character of the Home and receive aged and infirm deaf-mutes. This led the Trustees to assume the support of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. It was a remarkable providence that a Home completely furnished, under the care of a faithful Christian woman, devoting herself without compensation to the afflicted family soon gathered together, should have been added to the general work of the Society. At the very outset, therefore, "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" showed its disposition to promote the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes.

On the 29th April, 1874, at a meeting of the Trustees held in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Messrs. John Carlin, Chairman; Charles S. Newell, Secretary; William O. Fitzgerald, Treasurer; Henry J. Haight; James Lewis; Franklin Campbell; and Gustave Fersenheim were appointed a Committee to raise a Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

For a time their agents were quite successful, but at length, owing to the hard times, their collections almost ceased. Dr. Peet, the Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb took an interest in the matter and began to gather money from the teachers and pupils of the Institution. The money thus raised was placed in Savings Banks, that the Fund might at least, increase by the interest.

In July, 1877, St. Ann's Church, N. Y., needed some money and applied to the Committee of the Building Fund for the loan of \$3,500. As the money was only drawing 5 per cent interest in the Saving Bank, and as St. Ann's Church was ready to pay 7 per cent, it was decided to make the loan on good security. With accumulated interest, St. Ann's Church now owes the Building Fund \$4,123. This of course will be paid as soon as the Trustees determine to make the purchase of some property. The Building Fund altogether now amounts to over \$6000. The Trustees have delayed action in relation to the purchase of property, because they have felt that they should have more money before entering upon the important matter which they have undertaken.

As the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes has made its religious work national, so they will according to their means make the Home national. It is a remarkable fact that of the eleven inmates which it now has two are from Baltimore, one from Erie, one from Philadelphia, one from Boston, one from Oswego County, N. Y., and five from New York City. While the spiritual oversight of the Home will be in accordance with the Episcopal Church, no question will be raised as to the religious belief of deaf-mutes seeking admission to the Home. In addition to sums specially given to the Home, a large portion of the year's income of the Society has been devoted to paying its current expenses.

The Home has an Endowment of \$1000, called the Ferguson memorial Fund. While the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" will hold the title to all property acquired for the Home, it will of course be in trust and secretly used for the purpose to which it was given. Legacies may be left to "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" in trust for its Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

As an illustration of the course pursued by this Society, reference is made to the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, which, in addition to the support of various missionaries in the hospitals, prisons and other public institutions, owns St. Barnabas House and Chapel, Nos. 304 and 306 Mulberry St., in which poor women and children are cared for by the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd.

The salaries paid by "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" are for the support of men who are working hard to promote the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes.

Thus far deaf-mutes have contributed but little towards the current expenses of the Society. Contributors are generally satisfied with the course its Trustees have taken. The Church mission to Deaf-Mutes has published seven Annual Reports, containing among other things the Treasurer's Reports, which have always been duly adopted.

Year by year this Society is gaining the confidence, the sympathy and support of an increasing number of friends throughout the country, and is doing great good to the people to whom it ministers.

## PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The old editor of the JOURNAL of the year 1879 has gone, and the new of the same of 1880 has come. God blessed the cheerful paper, as soon as the new year came. May he ever be with our new editor.

It affords me pleasure to write a few lines to you for publication in your clear and bright paper. The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a regular and welcome visitor every Friday. Long may the JOURNAL live, and be patronized by the reading public.

On the 16th of August last Messrs. Ellis and Swartz took a train to Wilkes-Barre, Pa. In spite of the rainy and dark night, they went across the river, in order to pay a visit to Miss M. C. Smith (semi-mute). Miss Smith and her relatives laughed at them for being wet and muddy, but they had a good and pleasant chat with her. Her mother is not in the enjoyment of good health, and it is reported that she will not live long.

On the 19th, they started for Berwick, Pa., and a driver of a rich man named Mr. Win. Woodin, of the firm of Jackson and Woodin, who owns the car-shop, foundry, rolling mill, new locomotive, large grocery store, etc., took the liberty of carrying them in a spring wagon to the country 2½ miles, for the purpose of paying their visit to Miss Julia Honek (semi-mute), who is a lovely subscriber of your paper. They passed a happy time conversing with her, during their stay of four days. They admired her, because she, by being an industrious lady, has earned many jars and cans of fruit. She is a very good house-keeper, as they had good and sweet meals cooked nicely by herself. I think any mute would be lucky to get such an amiable young lady for a wife.

On the 23rd of February, Messrs. S. and E. had a pleasant ride in another train to Shickshinny, Pa. Shortly after their tea with Mr. Nicely, a father of a ten-year mute boy, a long ride in a hack carried them in the evening to Patterson Grove camp meeting. In stopping at one of the tents, which belonged to Mr. Joseph Baer, they had the pleasure of seeing two young mute boys (who now are pupils in the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Philadelphia). They (Messrs. S. and E.) enjoyed very much the praying meeting, experience class, and preaching sermons. Many people were deeply interested to see their religious signs speak their silent experiences. One of them prayed, in his solemn sign-language, for a sinful man, who was not converted for a year.

On the 27th they did not enjoy the ride to the house in which Mr. Joe Baer lives, in the adjoining country in Town Line, Pa. They, having enjoyed the kind hospitality, were pleased to express their thanks to their benevolent friends, especially Mr. Joe Baer, and family. They are very respectable. When Messrs. S. and E. left them for home, they were deeply sorry, but they will meet them in the better land, where neither sorrow nor mourning are known. May God bless Mr. Baer and family, and be their guide.

On the 4th of January last, such a sad circumstance was reported, the death of a respectable citizen of the whole towns of Bloomsburg, Catawissa, and other places. He, by the name of Mr. M. W. Nuss, being not in his right mind, committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth with his own pistol, while his wife and daughter were at church. A dispatch was sent for his mute girl at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in Philadelphia, to come home to attend his funeral. Miss Mamie Nuss, a daughter of deceased Mr. Nuss, went to school for the first time last fall, but soon after the new year she came home again. She has again returned to the City of Brotherly Love. The writer sympathies with Mrs. Nuss and children, considering their loss of a kind husband and beloved father. Enclosed please find a check for \$1.50 for Bab's subscription for another year. Bab cannot give you paper up, for it always makes him happy to read it.

Bab.  
CATAWISSA, PA., March 16, 1880.

#### Indiana Notes and reply to "Segaw."

"Better late than never." College students do not like to *spout* Latin. No they don't.

Mattie Chandler is at Mr. Vail's. She has come to stay and "Gus" is glad you must know.

If "Segaw" is so anxious to know, why not "Rush" to "ville", and inquire. We feel sure he could obtain the desired information.

Oh yes, we always knew "Soph" was a personal friend (and a powerful good one, too), of "Segaw's."

We should think it would take a six horse team to haul all that lumber over at Delphi.

"Thaddeus, of Warsaw," "Lady of Lyons" and "Little Bo-peep," must have had a huge time the other evening. They said the hours died like swans. Can any one tell me what that is like?

If "Friend Joe" were to go at breakneck speed, were afraid we'd have to go to "Turkey" before we could gobble him up.

J. A. Arnold speaks of being a single man. We have heard of double houses, double shotguns and double wretchedness, but never of a double man. He must be something wonderfully wonderful.

The person who made that assault on Mr. McGregor, must be mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog.

And so your "segaws" must be forthcoming, must they? Well, well,

we won't say "no go," but if we were you we would hum "I'll smoke three cent 'segaws," no more. Here take them Bab, go pitch them out the door."

We guess we won't die of a hopeless attachment like our poor, dear namesake, very soon. Still if we should, the "Two-bad men" will wear crape on their left arms just above the elbow, for a week, on their hats for thirty days, and not flirt any for sixty, won't they please?

Oh no, we will not immolate you. Give us some more. We'll never say Blood! Aha! we thirst for blood!! Dark crimson gore!!!

We will strike up where Bella, of the "Quaker City," left off:

Hold the forks, the knives are coming, The plates are on the way;  
Sing the chorus to your neighbors:  
Sing the hush this way.

"Sly" must have been "half seas over" when he wrote that *petite* letter. We always thought Michigan was *up yonder*, not *down here*. He should have told us whether he wanted those "wonderful phenomena" sent by the *Beeline*, or, if we must get mahogany or metallic cases and pack them in ice, left side up, with care, D. O. C.

Yes, yes, we do, do want them *thar* cabinet portraits. Why shouldn't we want them when we are so fond of Old Masters and Madonnas? We are all impatience, and you should know that.

"Those who wait the coming rider, travel twice as far as he;  
Tired waiting and coming better never did in time agreeo."

We did not know before that the *made persuasion* could take back what they said. It must be awfully nice to be a "privileged character." Would that we were one!!

"Kaliko" has gone up to such a fearful extent, that we are afraid we cannot dress "Just to please the boys," this season.

Miss Hiatt was the recipient of the jauntiest little dressing cap, the other day. Miss Bella McKim was the kind donor. Bella is an expert in fancy work of all kinds.

The measles have spread to a high and mighty extent, but no serious cases thus far.

"When the purple lilacs blossom,"  
"When the mist has rolled away,"  
"We shall meet beyond the river,"  
"Horace Greeley," "making hay,"  
"Near the banks of that lone river,"  
"Woman's rights," "no tongue can tell,"  
"Woe, Emma," "The cold wind whistles,"  
"Say good bye," yet not "farewell,"

MIGNON.

#### SERVICE IN WEST BOXFORD.

Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., a deaf-mute, held two meetings at Central Village on the 29th. The morning meeting for the benefit of the deaf-mutes was held at the house of Mary S. Macomber and sister, Lydia M. Webster and Olive Macomber, where a number had assembled from Fall River and vicinity, and was an interesting and instructive occasion. The subject of his remarks was Matthew, 16th chapter, 16th verse.

In the afternoon, at Friends meeting house, quite a large company had assembled by half past two to witness the preaching of the word by signs. The lesson was the case of the blind man as contained in the 9th chapter of John, subject, Power of Assurance. "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." The familiar and appropriate hymn at the commencement, "I need thee every hour," was very impressive, being read as the minister conveyed his language to those who could not hear. The services were all impressive and instructive to those present, and it is hoped that those who cannot hear the gospel preached, may be favored with many more such opportunities.

#### A Denial.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—As I have been asked if I were really "Deaf and Dumb Girl," you will kindly please allow me to reduce through your most excellent paper that I wish to assure many of your readers that I am not the person. I do not see what reasons she has for thinking my *nom de plume* is "Deaf and Dumb Girl." Judging from her articles, I imagine she must be a semi-mute. I claim to know who she is, though she is an entire stranger to me, and would rather not mention her real name, but think I can safely say that she is living somewhere out West, while the writer lives in one of the New England States.

In regard to the Students' talking about marrying hearing ladies, I never agreed with "Deaf and Dumb Girl" upon that subject; for though

"You may talk of love and happiness,  
Of marriage, as most people do,  
But I want a life that is careless and free,  
So an old maid's life is the life for me."

A. E. L.

CONN., March 4, 1880.

#### Among the Deaf.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Dr. I. Ferdinand Saul, a gentleman who has achieved a wide reputation in the treatment of the diseases of the human ear, was in this city during the past week, he stopped at the Everett House. It is safe to assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that no physician in the Union has had more experience among those afflicted with deafness than Dr. Saul. He states that 507 deaf people came before him at Prairie du Chien last winter and more than 200 at Detroit since April last. At a previous visit in this city 68 people called, many of whom are receiving treatment with beneficial results. At Flint recently about 60 people visited the doctor, among whom were several deaf and dumb mutes from the Institution, one

of whom was able to hear different sounds after one application of Dr. Saul's method. His cures are remarkable, and can be substantiated by hundreds of testimonials, which he keeps on file. The model artificial ear, imported from Germany, and magnified 10,000 times, can be seen at his office, and consultation is also free. Dr. Saul does not claim to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. His specialty is the diseases of the ear and its adjuncts.

Your correspondent called on the doctor yesterday as he wanted to examine me and wanted to operate on me. He often operates on deaf-mutes, and is very successful. But the doctor was unable to do anything upon me, as he was kept very busy on that day, and was informed to call again the same evening, but was unable to do so.

The doctor will leave this city for Bay City, Mich., this week. Probably he will come back in about six or eight weeks.

Mr. Morse, a deaf-mute gentleman of Bridgeport, Saginaw County, Mich., was in this city last two weeks, and visited us. He is a cabinet-maker by occupation, but he has put it up on account of rheumatism. He has a fine son, who is a lumberman, and is well off. Mr. Morse's interesting letters have appeared in the JOURNAL, and he is a graduate of Philadelphia Institution.

JOHN BROOKS.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., March 6, 1880.

#### AN INTERESTING SERVICE.

THE COMBINED SERVICE AT PAUL'S CHURCH—AN ADDRESS IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE BY REV. A. W. MANN, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The combined service for deaf-mutes and hearing people of St. Paul's Church, of East Saginaw, on Tuesday evening, March 8th, called out a fair congregation, among whom were ten deaf-mutes, residents of this city. All were intensely interested, the service being the first of the kind ever held in the valley. The services, conducted by Rev. C. D. Allen, were translated into the sign language by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, himself a deaf-mute. The address of Rev. A. W. Mann on the occasion was read from manuscript by Rev. Allen at the time it was signed by himself. It is spoken of as being a very able one, and beautifully written. He traced the history of education of deaf-mutes through the prejudices of the past up to its present stage, and showed that the amelioration of their condition followed the introduction of Christianity, and called attention to the fact that many superior linguists had been developed among them. He also spoke of the universality of the sign language, and gave many illustrations of its use. He stated that there was about eight clergymen of the Episcopal Church, two of whom are deaf-mutes engaged in missionary labors among this class; there are also several lay readers employed. The encouraging results of his own works were referred to, and it was conclusively shown that religious instruction can be impressed upon the heart and mind of these people through their vernacular. He gave illustrations of the spirit and power of religion upon those so afflicted that had come under his own experience.

After his address, Mr. Mann rendered the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee," in a most impressive manner. The offering of the congregation will be devoted to the benefit of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

The deaf-mutes present expressed a strong desire to have the services continued, and Rev. A. W. Mann proposes to make this one of the centers of work among this class. In compliance with the request, he will officiate in this city again at some near date. In the course of his ministrations, this gentleman visits ten different dioceses, traveling as far west as Kansas, and as far east as New York City. In the latter city, however, is a large and flourishing congregation of deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, under the charge of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The following are the names of deaf-mutes who were present: Your correspondent and wife, and Mr. Chas. M. Aikin, of East Saginaw, Miss Mary Lowry and John Lowry, of South Saginaw; Mrs. Davis and Miss McKellar, of Saginaw City; Mr. Morse and wife, of Bridgeport, Mich., and a deaf-mute man whose name cannot be learned. Mr. Marcus H. Kerr and wife, Mr. McInnis, of J. Borden and Mr. Blood, all of Jackson, Mich., attended Holy Communion at Detroit on Sunday, the 7th ult.

JOHN BROOKS.

EAST SAGINAW, March 10, 1880.

#### REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Chicago, Ill.,	" 14th.
Rockford, Ill.,	" 15th.</



For the JOURNAL.

## MY DREAM.

BY MARTEAU.

I took your hand, I drew you near,  
I pressed you to my heart;  
I told you, "Ten o'clock is here,  
My love, and I must part."

Your rosy lips (O god of love!)  
Whereon doth heaven dwell,  
Turned up as I bent from above  
To kiss a short farewell.

But ere our lips could sweetly click,  
Your dad—'I'll say no more,  
Save that I felt a horrid kick—  
And woke up on the floor.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21, 1880.

## Pennsylvania Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Once more the jovial gods have deigned to pay our Institution a visit, and after waiting in vain for some one else to inform you of the fact, I venture to do so myself.

Saturday evening, Feb. 21st, the long expected and wished for entertainment came off, proving a complete success. The tableaux, "Ali Baba," was the best that your correspondent has yet seen acted within these walls. The chapel being too small, we were obliged to make use of the girl's play room, at the west end of which a large stage was temporarily erected, and surrounded by curtains. Previous to the appointed time, seats had been provided sufficient to accommodate five hundred people, and long before the curtain rose on the first scene, these were all occupied, there being present, not only the pupils, graduates, faculty and other officers of the Institution, but the directors and some men of rank, who had been invited to attend; besides these, several Philadelphia belles graced the assembly by their presence.

The story of "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves" is so well known that there will be no necessity for me to go into details, so I will simply give an abridged account of the whole, with the principal characters. Ali Baba, was represented by Wm. Lee, and the robber captain by J. McKinney, both of whom played their parts to perfection. Then there was Morgiana the slave, Wm. T. Humphrey. Wife of Ali Baba, J. Boland, and wife of Cassim by George B. McC. Bowers, who with the aid of a switch of back hair, borrowed from one of our *femmes*, was so strongly transformed, his features being naturally rather delicate, that it was hard to make any one believe that he was not what he seemed to be. But we must not forget to mention Cassim (Dolph) himself, whose tragic death frightened one of the smaller girls into tears. The whole were clothed in appropriate eastern dress, and the robbers with their large mustaches, red and white turbans, and with a sword and pistols in their belts, looked as one of gentler sex termed it, "awful fierce and cruel."

The most solemn and impressive scene, that in which the dead body of Cassim, surrounded by weeping relations, was undergoing the operation of the old robber (C. Parlanan) was turned into a burlesque by the supposed defunct Cassim himself. The operation proved so long and tedious that unable to bear his confined position any longer, he kicked, not the bucket, but the poor old cobbler, who was sent head over heels, and came near going through the scene curtains. He picked himself up and could only be persuaded to return to the job by the golden promise of Ali Baba. Despite its ridiculousness, so admirably did the actors control their features, that no one not acquainted with the story would have thought it ought but a part of the programme.

A piece of scenery representing the cave in the rock, painted and presented to the Institution by H. M. Arms, was much admired. But Time, "Whose ample sweep strikes empires from the rook,"

"Plays his little weapon in the narrower circle of sweet domestic comforts,"

and soon after the clock struck ten, the curtains closed on the last act, and the company departed a little later, and the gates of the mazy land of Nod had closed behind us.

The pupils extend their thanks to the faculty for the interest they took in the affair, as well as for the substantial assistance they rendered, by contributing the costumes, and at rehearsal. It is rumored that the girls intend to give another representation of Rip Van Winkle, some time during April, and although they do seem to have a poor opinion of us "gallants," we wish them success.

The puzzle craze has broken out in full force here, and although it is now two weeks since it was first introduced the rush for it still continues. It seems to have done what many a thing of more importance has failed to do, turned the heads of the staid citizens of this, the Quaker City; nor have we ourselves escaped the general contamination, for there is not a boy from the oldest down to the pet, who has not tried it. The C. L. Society is prospering. Several important amendments have lately been made to the constitution, and the order of debate is improving. The exercises are varied once in a while by a frolic, which has the effect of keeping the members in good spirits. What the Society stands most in need of at present is books.

So! Ho! We understand now why our dishes are so poorly washed, 118 cups and saucers in ten minutes and forty-nine seconds, is going a little too fast. Why we won't dare to raise them to our lips, imagination would revolt at the act.

Mr. Daniel Paul, our former prefect, is soon to sever his connection with the pleasures of a single life, and launch forth into the trials and uncertainties of matrimony. The pro-

spective fair one is Miss Ida Bacon, a graduate.

One of the small boys, Charles H. Shriner, has been attacked by pneumonia, and now lies dangerously ill. This is the first serious case of sickness among the pupils during the term.

B. W. PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1880.

## A Tribute to Mr. Packard.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—The selection of Mr. Philo W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., to become the pastor of the "Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes" is worthy of all commendation. The society has chosen wisely; and there is not the least shadow of doubt but what the best possible results will follow. My only wish is that other societies in large and wealthy cities would copy the example of this young association, and endeavor by selecting a leader in whom they can trust, to attain a high degree of moral and intellectual culture.

I first met Mr. Packard in the Autumn of 1873; and from that time to the present, he has ever been an energetic and efficient laborer in the cause of Christ. He is enthusiastic over his work. He never wears in well doing but works early and late, endeavoring by example and precept to nourish truth in the minds and hearts of his fellow-men. He is zealous and earnest in his work, and to him, many mutes can point, as the Paul who directed them to the paths of virtue and honor.

Mr. Packard is, indeed, one of a thousand; for, not having the advantages of a good education which the mutes of America now enjoy, he has by close application to study, stored his mind with a vast education, which will be of great service to him in his new field of labor. His library, which is quite extensive, is filled with excellent books, showing fine taste, good judgment and nice discrimination in his selection of them.

As a manager and leader, Mr. Packard has been quite successful. The "Silent Union," which was organized under his direction in 1873, has, under the "Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes," become a fixed institution, with a large fund of which Mr. Packard was instrumental in obtaining by personal exertions, the larger portions. The rooms of this association are pleasantly located on the main thoroughfare of the city, and are nicely fitted up and supplied with books, papers and games. The rooms are open to all respectable and quietly disposed persons.

The two essentials, harmony and energy, which ought to exist in every society, are here. It is impossible for progress to be made where discord prevails. Firmness in adhering to rules is requisite in every manager. This trait of character is one of the characteristics of Mr. Packard, and his firmness on certain occasions, has made the Salem Society what it is, second to none in the land. The Salem Mutes are to be congratulated on the step they have taken, and under the new order of things, success, love, truth and friendship will flourish to the greater glory of him to whom brother Packard has pledged his life. It is with feelings of pride that I extend the right hand of fellowship to such young men, who, desiring to know more of Him "who doeth all things well," have selected a man well able to instruct them in the gospel truth.

JOHN A. PRINCE.

## Letter from Tennessee.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Dr. McGee, the well-known druggist of Macville, Ky., died lately of consumption. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved wife, as we know her late husband to have been a fine and conscientious Christian, and a warm-hearted kindly man. Let us hope we will all meet him in a land where the light never grows dim.

There was a fine entertainment given at Elder's Opera House which we attended. The gymnastic feats were exceptionally good, and called forth great applause.

I have noticed in your paper that Rev. Job Turner has concluded to appoint his destination at Clarksville, Tenn., on the 19th of March, where he intends holding a service for deaf-mutes. We will be glad to see again his kind face, and will always welcome him when he comes to Clarksville.

I am greatly gratified to hear about the appropriation of forty thousand dollars to improve the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Danville, Ky., as I know Prof. D. C. Dudley always takes great interest in the uneducated mutes in Kentucky.

Alonzo Osborn, the well known farmer in Shepherdsville, Ky., is said to possess steady habits in business. He has my best wishes for his prosperity. May success attend the JOURNAL.

JEFF D. BUSHY.

## How is this, Mignon?

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I do not make a habit of criticising others for their expressions in the JOURNAL, but wish to caution "Mignon." In her last letter she speaks of a certain young man practising Ursa Major (hugging), then says he ought to know cotton. O Mignon, how could you put on brass enough to call the attention of young men to such a matter? Talk about our paints, our powders, our false hair, our old dresses made over, but friend, the least said about cotton the better. If you do not believe me, then send a proposal to one of those abominable turned-up-nose students, state all the facts, and see if you are accepted.

NELLIE.

## St. Valentine's Day.

February 14th has for many centuries been known as Valentine's Day or, the day for "choosing a Valentine." The origin of the custom is shrouded in obscurity, but it is admitted to be of very ancient date. The name is probably derived from Valentine, a presbyter of the church, who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, A.D. 271. It is said on this day (February 14th) the birds of the air choose their mates; hence came the custom of young people choosing valentines or sweethearts on the feast of Valentine.

The custom, which has been handed down from generation to generation, was duly observed at the Texas Institution. For a few days previous to February 14th, secret meetings were held in Room 5. The names of the members of this Star Chamber conspiracy are known; but, who was the presiding genius of the meetings we are without means of ascertaining. Many inquiries were made from the "knowing ones" without eliciting any real information as to the objects and business of the meeting.

On the arrival of the mail at the Institute, a grand rush was made by the committee of arrangements, who feigned surprise at the immense proportion of the mail bag. Nearly every one connected with the Institution was remembered by some one who has a claim, or desires a claim to the recipient of the valentines. As it is "Leap Year," it is not surprising that so many of the sterner sex received one. Many of the valentines were humorous and some ridiculous in design. Many of them conveyed a truth without intending it. Yet, if they serve the purpose and the gratification of those who invested their loose change and perhaps their all in them, we are content, feeling as we do that "every dog has his day to give and take, and that it will be our turn next to give."

TEXAS.

## Maryland Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am much pleased with your paper, and read all of it. I wish you to correct the mistake in my letter to you; it should be "in law, Col. C. K. Thomas" instead of "in care of Col." I don't know whether it was my mistake or the printer's fault. My wife was sister of Col. C. K. Thomas (youngest). She was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution from 1846 to 1852. She went home (here), and went to Western Pennsylvania near Brownsville, Fayette Co. I was acquainted with her through introduction of my uncle, Robert Finley, eight miles from New Salem. I went to Iowa with my brother to live with him, but I got sick with ague and fever for eight or ten months. I returned home; afterwards came to this country and married Miss Addie Thomas on Feb. 22d, 1856, and visited Pennsylvania Institution and then returned home. We bought a small farm near Connellysburg, Fayette Co., Pa., eight miles from my birth place. I lived there for twelve years, but I don't need to tell you more. We sold out and moved to Missouri in 1865. Six months after leaving my old home my youngest child died, and my wife died one month after.

Don't you know Mrs. Martha Chapman (formerly Mrs. Dillingham, formerly Miss Eaton). She was well known in Massachusetts. She married Dr. Chapman and moved to South Carolina, but did not like the climate, then moved to Louisville, Kentucky. She had five children, (three by her first husband, and two by her second. She had five deaf and dumb sisters and brothers, four of whom had been educated in Philadelphia in 1818. Mrs. Chapman went to California with Dr. Chapman for her health, but returned home. She died last November, on the 27th, (Thanksgiving day). Her brother (deaf-mute) is living yet; 85 years old. Her sister Minerva married Mr. Townsend, of Indiana. They are still living in Ohio, I am well acquainted with all the family, Mrs. Chapman, sisters and brothers. All of them are dead except Mrs. Townsend and her brother Frank, 85 years old.

My son Albert is doing very well in the grocery business on his own hook.

EDMUND W. STONE.

ARABY MD. March 16, 1880.

## "THAT VERY POOR BONY TEAM" AND "UNCHARITABLENESS."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The writer on "Uncharitableness" was mistaken when he spoke of Mr. D's being reduced by poverty to the necessity of driving 150 miles with that "very poor bony team," and his poverty preventing him from riding on the railroad.

I will say that he was not reduced to the necessity of coming here. As I understood, he came here mainly as a pleasure-seeker. A friend of mine came part of the way with him, and at noon, advised him to buy a dinner for the team, knowing that he had lots of money, but he was too stingy to buy even only five cents worth of corn for the poor hungry team that had been patiently dragging him all day with only hay for dinner. Every body pitied the team, and on the way a policeman came pretty near arresting him on suspicion. Since it is human to err, perhaps I made one error, that is, by mentioning his name in the paper, but for his uncharitableness to the poor team, I, after some hesitation considering his "washing his dirty linen" (the poor team) in public, put his name in as an example to others not to follow in some unselfish and uncharitable ways, thus disgracing the deaf-mute community.

J. C. H.

Iowa, March 11, 1880.

## Manhattan Literary Association.

At the meeting of the Association, held March 18th, in the absence of the President and First Vice President, the Second Vice President, Mr. Heinman took the chair, and Mr. Ekardt, acting under instructions from Mr. Hogan, the Secretary, recorded. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, and after a few corrections were adopted, the resignation of Mr. A. Guggenheimer, being in regular order, was first acted upon. He not being present, Mr. Froelich explained his reason for wishing to withdraw from the Association. He informed the members that the reason for leading him to pursue such a course was on account of his inability to attend regularly. After some objections on the part of members, the resignation was accepted, and a resolution of regret, moved by B. Clark and seconded by Mr. Wilkinson, was passed.

The Finance Committee then went into private session and on their return the Chairman read the report of three months, ending February 29th. It was found that the finances of the Association were in a very prosperous condition. The report was adopted.

The Committee appointed to draw up a set of resolutions in regard to Dr. Gallaudet then went out. On their return Mr. Froelich, the Chairman, informed the Association that in consequence of his being a poor sign maker, Mr. Wilkinson would read the resolution that had been drawn up. The manner in which he gave them was at once forcible and seemed to have a great effect on the members and on all who were present, and there is no doubt that Dr. Gallaudet deserved them.

As was to be expected, Mr. Godfrey at once stated that he objected to the passage of any resolutions, and also to the passage of any resolutions commending Dr. Gallaudet or his work. He said that the Association ought not to mix itself with outside affairs, and also added that the resolutions, as drawn up, appeared to be more of a vindication of Dr. Gallaudet.

Mr. Wilkinson, replied in a manner that was received with much applause. Mr. Farley then replied to the charge of vindication, and informed Mr. Godfrey that the resolutions were not a vindication, but simply an approval of all that Dr. Gallaudet had undertaken for the welfare of the deaf and dumb, and also our firm belief in his honesty and wisdom of purpose in the use of all the money that may be subscribed or donated for their benefit.

Mr. B. Clark, also made a short address, chiefly dwelling on Godfrey's reasons which he considered flimsy, and also on that we, the Manhattan Literary Association, being the month-piece of the Deaf-Mutes of New York City, ought to let the world know how we stand in regard to Dr. Gallaudet.

Mr. Froelich then took the floor and at once pronounced Mr. Godfrey out of order in all that he said, as at a previous meeting a motion was made to draw up a set of resolutions which after considerable opposition was passed, and was acted upon to stand by the decision of the majority.

A vote was then taken and they were passed, all the members except Mr. Godfrey voting in the affirmative. Messrs. T. A. Froelich, George Farley, and J. Wilkinson were the Committee on Resolutions.

## EAGLE FEATHER.

### TO "HARRI HENRI."

O! you've got another name, have you? To be sure we have no objections to that nor to the gentleman with the white cravat on his neck giving you another, neither if he is going to save you or any of your followers who insist that ladies only want a bean for a show. Why, Harri, we should not be the least bit vain of showing you at a country fair, if it were not for the ice cream and lemonade, that our papas refuse to give us funds to buy.

Perhaps you will not take it as a compliment that I consider you and your purse more useful than you are beautiful and bright; if so, I beg you will remember I thought young men long since left the vanity of beauty to the fair sex.

Now, Harri Henri, if you want to repent and be reformed, we will give you another name and start you anew lecturing on "woman's rights," or what is useful to women with a splendid diploma in your pocket, but not till you have had three or four good lectures and have learned them thoroughly so as to pass through a most severe cross-examination.

DOLCE.

## Michigan Letter.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—I send you a few lines for publication. We went by the railway to East Saginaw and visited Mr. John Brooks and wife on Monday, the 8th inst., and on the same day we visited Mr. John Lowry, and his sister, in South Saginaw, with whom we stayed all night. On the morning we called on Mr. Davis and wife, and attended St. Paul's church in the evening. The service was soon conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann, Rev. Mr. Allen reading the sermon to the hearing portion of the congregation; while Mr. Mann rendered it in signs. We liked the sermon very much. After the services were over, we were very happy to meet and shake hands with the deaf-mutes who attended. I enjoyed a talk with Rev. Mr. Mann. I trust that the good Lord will prosper Mr. Mann in his missionary work. We stayed with Mr. Davis all night, and returned home on Wednesday.

C. W. MORSE.

March 11, 1880.

## THE IOWA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Soon after the assembling of the legislature a letter from a lady, Mrs. Murdock, the mother of two deaf-mutes now in the school at Council Bluffs, appeared in the *State Register*. It complained strongly of inefficiency, mismanagement, etc. on the part of the Trustees and Superintendent. This letter created much excitement among parents throughout the State. Among the charges was, that alum bread was furnished by a city bakery, that the girls were compelled to ascend five stories to their sleeping apartments, that the light in the evening was oil instead of gas, and as a result, sore eyes for the pupils; that, owing to the spirit of economy, there was no articulation teacher, and that the superintendent, Mr. Folsom, was not qualified for his position. An investigating committee was appointed by the legislature with full power to ascertain the truth. This committee's report in the *State Register* reached us just as we were starting for Council Bluffs last week. The report and our observations correspond. The committee, after searching investigation, speak favorably of the management. These stories spread abroad originated with friends of the former heads of the school, and Mrs. Murdock, a mother, felt a natural anxiety for her children.

The food provided is good and abundant and no adulteration. The city baker made out before the committee that it was the same he sold his daily customers. As to sleeping apartments, some explanation is needed. Three or four years ago the structure, consisting of main building and east wing, was destroyed by fire. The foundation of the west wing had been laid under an appropriation for its construction, and this wing was put up and finished before the next legislative met. That body, two years ago, provided for the reconstruction of the main building, but not the east wing. Thus the matter stands. The main building, including basement, is five stories in height, the west wing four. In the basement are the dining room, kitchen and store rooms. The first floor over this has a large hall, as has every story, running its entire length through the center. On each side of this hall doors open into rooms, such as Superintendent's office, where all business is transacted, reading room, matron's and teacher's rooms and school rooms. At the west end of the wing is a large room for boys' sitting and study room. When the east wing is erected, the girls will also have their sitting and study room. Till then they must pass their evenings in three or four school rooms on the second floor, not counting the basement. There they are always under charge of some lady teacher during study hours, as are the boys under a male teacher at similar times. From this floor they pass up to the fourth to their sleeping apartments—ascending only two stories instead of five.

In regard to the imperfect light of the evening. When we were there last June, kerosene was in use, lamps hanging high in the study rooms for fear of accidents. The reason given us for use of oil in place of gas was the over economical propensity of the trustees or insufficiency of the legislative appropriations. Subsequently the gas works belonging to the Institution were set in operation, and a poor quality of gas obtained. Senator Hebard, one of the trustees, in answer to Mrs. Murdock's letter, said the gas works were out of order. The fact was that the man in charge did not fully understand his business. A graduate of the State Agricultural College becoming a teacher in December, gave the matter investigation, corrected the evil, and the result is an abundant and clear light. So the question is settled.

An articulation teacher has been provided and we found her a pleasant young lady, experienced and zealous. How many pupils she has we did not ascertain. But, as in the eastern institutions, we saw that they entered her school room, two to a half dozen at a time, at different hours and from various classes in the building. Teaching deaf-mutes to speak is a curious process and successful with only a portion of them. Parents are naturally and strongly desirous of hearing their children talk. It were wise to be moderate in expectations, especially if deafness is from birth or from near infancy.

The last charge in the list is incompetency of the Superintendent, Mr. Folsom. The committee report that he "has not been sufficiently self-reliant and decisive." And on the other hand they say, and we clip the two concluding paragraphs of the report on the point: "We are informed, and believe, that as he becomes more familiar with the wants and needs of the institution he assumes more responsibility, and is more confident and determined in the exercises of his authority. He has been uniformly kind and pleasant in his dealings with the teachers and children."

"There is nothing harsh or tyrannical in his nature, and while he is at the head of the institution parents may rest assured that he will not permit their children to suffer for the want of comforts of life; nor will he allow them to be subjected to cruelty or ill treatment at the hands of others."

The statement that he "has not been sufficiently self-reliant and decisive" admits of explanation. He has had no previous training in a school of this kind, and it requires two or three years to master the language of signs and the mysteries of deaf-mute instruction. As a superintendent, attending to the general order and

the thousand matters of detail out of the school room, he is a success, but has left the educational department to the teachers mainly, with Mr. Kennedy, a teacher of seven years' standing at their head. He has also, and very naturally, hesitated in taking his turn in conducting morning, evening and Sunday service in the chapel. This being in the sign language, is at first a terror to the new teachers. And being superintendent and not a teacher, it requires more time to become familiar with the language. He is making good progress in that direction, and we do not doubt that in a few weeks or months he will prove fully equal to the occasion."

The other quotation from the committee's report we endorse heartily. Mr. Folsom has long been an Iowa Editor, is familiar with the State, its progress, its needs and its prominent men. He is good-tempered, sociable and will permit no wrong to those under his charge. Parents may rest easy on that score.

The number of pupils present is over 180, with five gentlemen and five lady teachers. The building is full. The east wing, now in ruins, is much needed, and will be more needed before another legislature can assemble. The foundation walls and part of the old wall yet stand and may be utilized.

Ample provision is made against fire. The reservoir, supplied from Mosquito Creek by a steam engine, is on a high bluff some distance to the rear of the institution; and in the halls running the length of the structure on the floor, also in the basement, coils of hose may be seen hanging to and connected to large faucets ready for use at a moment's notice. Outside also, and fixed permanently to the main building, are two iron ladders extending from ground to roof.

In conclusion, we will say that the pupils are well satisfied and the teachers enthusiastic in their work, and having long been familiar with schools of this kind we know what we are saying. Let us hope that as the months wear on, the burned wing will be restored and the grounds put into presentable shape.—*Anamosa Bureka.*

## The Audiphone and Dentophone in England.

[From the Deaf and Dumb Magazine.]

DEAR SIR:—It may interest my professional brethren and your readers generally to know that the two new American appliances which have been credited with the power of giving hearing to the deaf, were submitted to experiment at the London Asylum a few days ago. By the kindness of a gentleman who had procured them from the advertisers in America, we were allowed to have them in our possession for that purpose. The experiments were made with children of all classes, e.g., those born deaf who could hear a little; and those who could not; those who had heard and retained some amount of hearing; those who had heard and became entirely deaf. When I tell you that we were assisted by an eminent artist who had already tried the instrument with his own patients, I think it will be seen that we had every requisite for a complete trial. I regret, however, to say that as far as any apparently appreciable benefit seeming to follow from the use of the instruments, they seemed to be failure. Making every allowance for the newness of the sensation which could accompany perception of sound in some cases, there did not seem to be any effect produced beyond the vibration with which we are all familiar. I must confess that I, for one, was much disappointed. I hoped for a valuable auxiliary in teaching articulation. It seems that sound may be carried along the skull to the inner ear, and these instruments may form a medium for such communication, or may eventually be made to do so. In this case we may thus have a help to, or a substitute for the tympanum of the ear. In cases where the mischief is in the middle ear, they may be made to be of service. But it can hardly be supposed that they can make up for the absence of that something essential for hearing; about which very little is known, except that it is, or is contained in, the wonderful inner ear.

It is well known to us all that a considerable proportion of our children hear in some degree, and that loud sounds are apparent to many who can only be classed as totally deaf, when the possibility of profiting by such sensation is considered. It is very difficult to distinguish the perception of sound and that of vibration in our pupils. We are all accustomed to the utterance of absurdities by people who take a superficial view of things in reference to the deaf and dumb. May not some of the wonders related of the instruments I write about, be due to some such people's preconceived notions that all the deaf and dumb are "stone deaf," and incapable of recognizing vibrations?

Your obedient Servant,  
RICHARD ELLIOT.  
ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,  
VICTORIA ROAD, KENT, ENG.

## Tardy, but Acceptable.

Reminded by a pleasant paragraph in the weekly (deaf-mute) papers, I take this opportunity—hoping it is not too late to be acceptable—of expressing my extreme pleasure on the bright typographical appearance of my cotemporary, the "DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL," in its dress. That paper, always neat and tasteful in its make up and a credit to the printer who is engaged upon it, is clearly entitled to the applause which it has received from its cotemporaries in all parts of the country. If I have not been the

first in congratulations upon the evidence of thrift due to the skillful and energetic management which has ever characterized the management of that able paper, I certainly lack none of the good will which I ought to feel towards a co-laborer engaged in the best interests of society. No feeling of rivalry, no difference of opinions or party discussions, shall ever induce me to forget what is due to courtesy, fairness and good will among brethren of the press.

J. C. ACKER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Hudson Riverside Literary Association.

At the New York Institution some young men of the First Class have associated themselves for literary improvement, and denominated themselves the "Hudson Riverside Literary Association." The officers elected are as follows: E. E. Smith, President and Secretary; C. D. Edmonston, Vice-President; C. W. Stowell, Treasurer. The regular meetings of the association will be held in a large, cozy room every Thursday evening. The president determines to do his best to promote the welfare of the association, and expects it to become one of the most highly cultivated associations for deaf-mutes in the United States before long. C. D. Newton, a member, will deliver a very interesting lecture before the association next Thursday, March 25th. His subject is, "A terrible mistake."

TIDINGS-GATHERER.

## BEAUTY DRAWS US BY A SINGLE HAIR.

Pass the butter gently, Mable;  
Shove it lightly through the air;  
In the corner of the dish, love,  
You will find a nut-brown hair.

What fond memories it awakens  
Of the days ere we were wed,  
When upon my good coat-collar  
Oft was laid your little head!

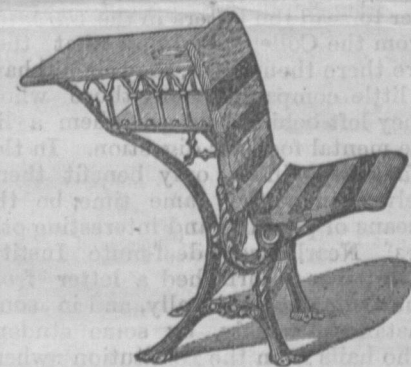
Lovingly I stroked those tresses,  
In the happy days gone by;  
Now I strike them every meal time  
In the butter or the pie.

—Yes, a tea-store chromo is more satisfying than a good oil painting. Nobody will presume to criticise the former, politely admitting that it is "pretty;" but the painting will be "picked to pieces," no matter how high its merits, by ignorant and educated alike.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Oleomargarine has only one advantage that we ever heard of. If you don't wish to use it as butter—and the chances are that you don't—you have only to run a wick through it and use it for candles. It is also useful for chalking the bridge of the nose, in case of local colds.—*Puck.*

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